

Even with a helmet on, the feeling of the breeze grazing the fur on his arms and swirling through his clothes made the drive all the more worth it. Durk McCarthy was a well known mechanic among regulars who loved the way he handled their vehicles, especially those who brought in their bikes. Contrary to his burly size he was quite delicate and nimble with his fingers along with having the eyes to spot anything wrong with machines in this regard.

Today, however, he was not in the garage getting to work but going out to enjoy a day off! Durk had been working pretty hard the last couple of days so he thought a drive and a walk would do him some good. Once he got to a suitable place to park he took the chance to stretch, removing his helmet to shake out his hair and beard. "A beautiful day," he observed as he straightened out his clothes. "I needed this."

And as he threw on some sunglasses and enjoyed his day away from oil and metal there was another having quite an interesting day as well

Just a few blocks away was a heavier crowd, being busy this time of day, which marked a perfect day for one peculiar individual.

"Excuse me- Oh, sorry! Pardon me!" Spoke a rather scrawny African wild dog as he weaved his way through the heavy crowd. But not without adding to his not-so-innocent stash. His fingers were swift and stealthy, snatching wallets and jewelry without batting an eye! Sonny was skilled at what he could do and would put that to work whenever he got the chance, but not everything he took was purely monetary. Sometimes he would "trip" into a business man accepting help up, maybe he would "help" a dude out after they had dropped their things, it didn't really matter to him. What *did* matter was the feeling of satisfaction he got when they noticed their shirt was missing exposing their chest, or when a dude failed to see his missing belt resulting in tripping over their pants and their underwear for all to see Those were the type of grabs Sonny did just because he enjoyed the sounds of humiliation. "Suckers~" he muttered to himself with a mischievous laugh.

Hitting big crowds was easy though so it made for a great way to pass the time, he gained a little more cash for his pockets and a boost to his ego, but what he really wanted usually was to find the right target for the day. Crowds were no issue, but Sonny found it a bigger thrill when he focused on just one person. He had done it in the past but only only got so far before being chased off, but none of that deterred him. "Today's the day, I feel it!"

As he wondered the city he clocked many guys on the street.

*'The alligator? Nah, seems to be having a bad day.*

*'That Walrus? Hmm... too likely to be tossed around.*

*'That tiger looks vulner- wait, friends just walked out. Damn!'*

Picking a target wasn't the easiest job, at least for what he was going with, but the longer Sonny looked for a moment it felt like the day would have been a bust... until he saw *him*.

A lion, big and burly, dressed in biker gear, all alone and seemingly staying that way.

The African wild dog smirked, rubbing his hands together. "Jackpot!"

Speeding up just enough to catch up to the lion Sonny kept his distance so as to not alert him to his presence right away, no doubt his target could toss him like a football if he was caught. Walking some odd feet behind Sonny watched the lion and his mannerisms as while on first glance a pick can be good it's better to double check especially in this instant. And what he saw was promising~

Durk, unbeknownst to being trailed, went about his day as normal: Stopping to greet familiar faces, mentally marking down shops to visit another time, he even helped out people if they were having trouble loading stuff into their vehicles. Even agree with instances. His strength was on full display but his demeanor mimicked that of a cheerful dad in a matter of speaking.

Sonny made small grabs as he trailed the lion as his brother own thoughts circulated a plan. A plan that would grant him gratification and would leave this lion *utterly* humiliated. '*Time to get to work~*'

Sonny was impulsive but he wasn't dumb, any thief worth their piece knew to start small. So when Durk stopped and waited to cross the street Sonny struck. Quiet as a mouse he made his presence "known", swiftly diving a hand into a pocket and retrieving a wallet without batting an eye. '*Bingo!*' Sonny thought as he crossed the street with the lion and other pedestrians. Stashing 40 bucks in his own pockets he slipped the wallet into his target's hand right as he went to pay for an ice cream at a stand. None the wiser.

First grab: Success!

It was only the beginning however, much to the delight of Sonny and unknowingly to Durk.

Next he swiped his sunglasses, Durk lifted them off his face just for a moment as he tried getting a better look at a piece of art he passed by. Sonny leaped with grace and soon acquired a new set of shades. A little big but that didn't bother him. And even with two small grabs his tail already began to wag at the thrill, but his hands itched for more.

And what's more than a belt?

This one required poise, grace, and a quick change of clothes.

Durk had not a thought on his mind enjoying himself on a wonderful day, though wishing he hadn't lost his shades so quickly. "They were cheap anyway," he mused losing himself in thoughts for just a second. Just enough from him to bump into something.

Stopping in his tracks Durk looked down to see an African wild dog with a turtleneck, a vest, jeans and round glasses on the floor rubbing his head. There were papers and books scattered all over the floor that Durk quickly shielded from being stepped on by passerbys. "Hey, you alright dude?"

"Y-Yeah, sorry about that," Sonny groaned.

"Nothing to be sorry about, I got lost in thought!" Durk chuckled, scrambling to collect the scattered works just as Sonny did the same. "Here, let me help!"

"Oh you don't have to, I promise!"

"I don't mind, really!"

"It's a lot I wouldn't want to delay you!"

\*It's really no trouble!"

Both Durk and Sonny tried to out-kind one another as books and papers were stacked back up, all the while wind and other people causing it to take much longer than it should've. Getting most of it in hand Sonny tried to stand up and "slipped" crashing into Durk as the lion caught him. "Woah there! You okay?"

"Yeah, sorry, foot gave out, might be time for some new shoes!" Sonny said, the shuffling of papers loud enough to deter from the sound of clanking metal. "Thanks though, I appreciate your help."

"Hey, it's the least I could do, right?" Durk said, patting the canine on the head and with a smile he continued on with his day, Sonny spinning lightly to the side. The sound of scraping leather faint enough to be drowned out by city sounds. But not to Sonny. It was music to his ears.

With the lion's belt in hand Sonny watched as Durk moved further and further away, and with each step his jeans sagging just a little more. The peek of waistband and splashes of color were all the motivation Sonny needed.

From this point on things can get a little tricky, but not impossible. While swift he was deceptively strong in certain instances, shucking off a shirt or pantsing someone with smooth ferocity was kind of his signature. Sonny was determined as he wasn't going to let this chance get away from him!

Every other step Sonny watched the lion adjust his pants from afar soaking in the confusion. He had to repress the urge to chuckle hearing his target muttering about needing a belt.

It wasn't long before the struggle of his pants became a little much for the lion, quickly searching out for somewhere to sit so he could collect himself. His shirt had been tucked into his pants and now the end of it was completely a mess which did bother Durk. Once sat he shucked off his vest so it didn't get in the way, folding it neatly next to him. As he smoothed down his shirt and readjusted his pants he did his best to tuck it back in but without a belt it wasn't going to stay tucked for long, but it was the best solution he had.

Once the lion felt it was properly in place he smiled to himself before reaching for his vest... only to feel nothing in his grasp. "Huh?" Durk glanced to the empty seat on the bench realizing his vest isn't there, it was gone. "What? Where did-"

"Lookin' for this?"

A voice caught Durk's attention, turning to see a African wild dog leaning against a tree. He had a devious smirk on his face as he twirled a piece of fabric in his hands. A vest.

"Hey! That's mine!"

"Is it? Hadn't noticed, it was all by it's lonesome just *waiting* to be taken~"

Durk rolled his eyes. "Ha ha, very funny, could you just give it back now?"

"Mmm... nah, I don't think I will! I think it adds nicely to the collection so far~" Sonny teased lowering a pair of slightly larger sunglasses onto his muzzle while swinging a belt to and fro in tandem with the vest.

It was only then that everything clicked in Durk's mind— he *had* worn a belt today, and no wonder the day seemed brighter than what he was used to. Though he hadn't recalled running into anyone except— "You were that one dude! With all those books and papers!"

"Geeze, took ya that long to figure that out? Well it's a good thing you're handsome then!~"

Durk scowled, jumping to his feet and stomping over. "Give me my stuff back!"

The lazy look on Sonny's face should've given Durk some pause but he was so focused on his missing items that it didn't occur to be wary.

And that was his mistake.

"How about instead of that we have some fun!"

It was swift, it was jarring, and what Durk was left with a breeze blowing over his bare fur. He had no time to react really, one moment he was taking a nice walk and the next the world was spinning. Durk only realized someone brushed past him until a whistle drew his attention. A shred of white cloth in the canine's grasp leaving Durk gobsmacked. "H-How... what-"

"My my, what big muscles you have~ Why ever hide that behind a shirt?~"

"You can't just do that!"

"And why not?"

"You... Y-You just can't!"

"And what are you going to do about it?" Sonny egged on, using the shreds of shirt as a scarf which only set Durk on edge. "Heh, come and get me handsome!" The canine shouted before taking off.

Durk didn't know what else to do but to run after the thief, his cheeks red from having his chest exposed for all to see. The lion had some trouble keeping up with Sonny easily maneuvering past others leaving Durk to stumble around others. His pants gave him much trouble as he chased the canine and he became more and more aware of just how naked he felt at that moment.

In an attempt to catch the thief he tried cornering him, he saw him dive into an alley and Durk believed that he could block off his chance for escape. Unfortunately, as he turned the corner everything came to a halt right as his foot hooked something. In the blink of an eye Durk was face first with the ground, his head ringing, disoriented enough to only acknowledge the shuffle around his feet. "H-Hey, wha-"

"Nice boots you got, but I think they'll be in better hands with me~" said the canine, sticking his tongue at the lion. Boots and even his socks in his grasp.

"W-Wait-"

"No can do, you want them? Can get me!"

Bolting off once more Durk cursed under his breath as he tried to scramble back to his feet. The pole jutting out only made it harder to get back up much or his annoyance so by the time the chase resumed Sonny already had a significant head start. Left in nothing but jeans Durk's face was a perpetually red knowing everyone was seeing him like this and that it's all because of one thief. *'I have my pants at least...'* he thought, trying to run while being conscious of his bare feet on the street floor.

That thought soon fell apart once he saw Sonny dive into an establishment, or at least he thought he did.

Durk stood before what looked like some sort of biker bar that, upon closer inspection, seemed very familiar to the lion but couldn't place it right away due to all the chasing chaos. It wasn't until he felt something slam into his back that Durk could only minimize any damage by guarding his face for anything. Tumbling across the floor it was only then he felt the sliding of his pants, panic set in as the world twirled around him too much to keep himself balanced.

The cold shiff of air blowing past his legs confirmed his worst nightmare right as he hit something stopping his rolling. Durk's vision was doubled for longer than he would've liked but as the world cleared up the number of eyes on him was numerous, but it was the number of *familiar eyes* that ran his blood cold.

Countless leather jackets, gruff faces, and patch covered vests as far as he could see within the bar. No music, no clinking of glasses, no talking, just utter silence as Durk stood up wondering what to do.

"Durk?" A voice called belonging to a frequent customer of his shop, a heavysset rhino.

"H-Hey Vince... how's it going?"

"Mm, good I'd say, didn't think I'd get a show with my drink," he said chuckling with others joining. "Nice undies~"

It was then that Durk's fur stood on end, his eyes snapping down to see his white briefs with colorful paint-like splotches on them exposed for all to see. The lion's face beet red as he tried covering himself, but with so many people watching him there wasn't any way to subside the embarrassment welling up inside. Even with friends and regulars of his shop coming up to give friendly jabs with the mechanic it didn't pull away from the predicament he found himself in.

Surrounded, he had no ability to see just who exactly was around him. His eyes shut in embarrassment all he had to go on was the prickling of his fur as his briefs felt off. It wasn't until he realized the feeling of them stretched back and snapping against that caused him to yelp, Durk jumping as he spun. The mere thought of being stripped naked for all to see only find the redness in his face for the rest of the day as he adjusted his underwear

A little ways away after escaping the crowd Sonny snapped a quick picture with his phone. Smirking, he carefully exited the bar- a sense of pride filling his chest.

On one of the bad stools sat a neatly folded vest and pair of jeans with socks and boots just below.

A note was gently place on top: *"Thanks for the fun handsome, hope to see those cute undies again~"*

---

As the African wild dog leaves the biker bar smug as all can be, Sonny looks at his phone, smiling at the pictures he took of the blushing lion. He couldn't help but feel pleased at his endeavor. This was the first time he'd had ever finished stripping someone down like this and, even if he knew it would, Sonny felt fantastic that he was able! "Left someone humiliated *and* I got some lovely souvenirs to look back on!~"

Sonny chuckled to himself as he played out each and every single moment of his and Durk's tussle in his head trying to figure out where he could improve or add on next time he does something like this. He knows after this there *will* be a next time and he couldn't wait!

However that left him lost in his own thoughts, oblivious to the slip of his belt off his pants.

"Maybe I could get better pictures next time, that lion did have a cute butt," Sonny muttered to himself. "Oooh! What if I tease them with their clothes earlier on! That'll get them to chase quicker, heh, could even snatch the pants first!"

"Sounds like a plan!~"

Sonny's fur stood on end hearing a gruff voice behind him. Glancing over his shoulder he could see the same heavyset rhino from the bar along with a tiger and bear by his side. All three men loomed over the canine with smirks painted on their faces. "Oh don't let us stop you, you were going over your game plan right?"

"U-Uh..."

"Well he can't be doing that!" Said the bear. "After all, how's he supposed to accomplish that when he's got his own wardrobe malfunctions to deal with~"

Sonny didn't understand what the bear meant until he felt a cool breeze wisp by his legs. Looking down his face heated up seeing his pants around his ankles, his pink heart boxers on full display.

The tiger quickly tossed the belt in his grasp towards Sonny causing the canine to fumble with it heavily as he scrambled to get it back on. Before he could finish looping his pants the rhino stepped up, gripping the edge of his shirt between his digits. "Let that be a lesson, you mess with Durk you mess with us. Do that to him again and it won't just be your belt that goes missing, got it?"

"G-Got it!"

"Good," the rhino said, letting Sonny go. "Remember that, or else you might be left wandering the streets in your undies."

With a quick short the rhino turned to leave, the tiger and bear laughing as they followed suit, leaving Sonny red in the face as he fastened his belt once more.

"Note to self... bikers are scary..."